

Exhibit F

Gianna Mary Raimondi

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

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In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al,

AFFIDAVIT OF
GIANNA MARY RAIMONDI

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X
STATE OF CONNECTICUT)

: SS.:

COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD)

GIANNA MARY RAIMONDI, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am the plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 310B Foster Drive, Willimantic, Connecticut 06226.
2. I am currently 27 years old, having been born on April 17, 1995.
3. I am the daughter of Michael Raimondi, Jr., upon whose illness my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.
4. My father passed away from respiratory failure on January 12, 2015. It has been medically determined that this respiratory illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.
5. I was only 19 years old at the time my dad died.

6. I had a great relationship with my dad. He was an incredibly hard worker and worked long hours to take care of us – buying us a nice home, saving for college, and giving us all the advantages he never had growing up since he had to start working at such a young age. He never complained and was so proud of providing for our family. He always encouraged me to do well in school and fostered a love of learning and education. He was unbelievably proud when I went away to college on a partial scholarship. He would have been thrilled to know that I am in graduate school now working on my PhD, but he never lived to see this day.

7. On 9/11, my dad was working construction in Manhattan near the World Trade Center. He was there alongside the first responders helping with search and rescue. I remember my mom picking me up from school and waiting by the phone for news. I remember seeing the planes hit the towers on the news and being terrified that there were more attacks coming and that my dad wasn't going to make it. I remember not knowing if my dad was alive or dead. He couldn't get in touch with us for over 24 hours, which was one of the scariest days of my life. I remember what felt like a lifetime later when my aunt finally called to tell us that my dad was alive and had stopped by her house. He was gone for nearly six months after 9/11 working by the World Trade Center – working long hours, commuting home, sleeping for 3-4 hours, and then heading right back to the city. He described in so much detail the horrible things he had seen and so much suffering. He was covered in dust, debris, and dirt from working around the clock trying to help people. He described to me, even at such a young age, traumatic things he had seen like finding a severed hand with a ring holding a coffee mug and part of a scalp. He kept video of search and rescue efforts and would watch it years later, effectively reliving the trauma that happened to him after 9/11. He was always depressed on the anniversary of 9/11 and didn't know how to work through his feelings.

8. After 9/11, my dad got sick. He was coughing all the time, which would wake me up in the middle of the night. My dad went to lots of doctors' appointments and had tests done to try to find out what was wrong with him. He often had to go the hospital because he had trouble breathing and other health problems. I remember that I was always worried about him and never knew when I would be pulled out of school, woken up in the middle of the night to go to our neighbors, or loading my dad into an ambulance. My parents tried to shield my sister and me, but I could tell something was very wrong. Life was incredibly unstable all throughout my childhood watching my dad get sicker and sicker before he died.

9. My dad's painful illness and his death on the first day of my sophomore year of college had a huge emotional impact on my life. I watched my dad suffer from so many health problems – breathing issues, coughing all night, struggling to catch his breath, and a heart attack that required major surgery to put in a stent. I had to grow up way too soon, working multiple jobs to support my family, helping my dad when he was ill, and having to think about our finances and all the growing medical bills. I still have insomnia because I can hear him coughing and am haunted by dreams of him dying. I have anxiety and PTSD from all the trips to the emergency room and watching graphic 9/11 stories, videos, and news coverage which played on loop in our house. I continue to go to therapy to try to deal with these issues. I had so much stress after he died about how our family would survive and pay the bills since his life insurance policy was denied.

10. My dad's sickness and death had a huge financial impact too. We had so many more expenses once my dad got sick because he couldn't work anymore, and the bills continued to add up. I remember overhearing him tell his friends how stressed he was because he couldn't provide for us like he wanted due to his illness. We had to sell our family home because we couldn't

afford the expenses and taxes. We had to take on more credit card debt to pay the bills. I had to work multiple jobs to support myself through high school and college including waitressing, working in catering, and working at a pizzeria all while trying to keep up my grades. I couldn't rely on my parents to support me, like my friends, and had to work twice as hard to help provide for myself, my mom, and my sister. I had to grow up so quickly and figure out how to get insurance, how to pay taxes, and how to provide for my family. I didn't get to enjoy a carefree childhood free from worry about how we were going to make ends meet.

11. I will never get time with my dad back. I will never see the proud look on his face as I continue to get my graduate degree and provide for myself. I will never get to talk to him about school and all the things that we shared. It is heartbreaking to know that his dying wish – telling me he was proud of me – will never come true because he will never get to see how hard I have worked and continue to work to live up to his legacy.

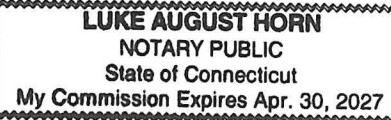


GIANNA MARY RAIMONDI

Sworn to before me this
19 day of July, 2022



Notary Public



Jeanine Antonia Raimondi

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
JEANINE ANTONIA RAIMONDI**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT)

: SS.:

COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD)

JEANINE ANTONIA RAIMONDI, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am the plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 22 Blueberry Hill Road, Monroe, Connecticut 06468.
2. I am currently 22 years old, having been born on April 19, 2000.
3. I am the daughter of Michael Raimondi, Jr., upon whose illness my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.
4. My father passed away from respiratory failure on January 12, 2015. It has been medically determined that this respiratory illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.
5. I was only 14 years old at the time my dad died.

6. I had a very close relationship with my dad. I was a tomboy and the youngest, so my dad and I had a special relationship. We would do fun things together like go to the pool, work in the garage, go to classic car shows, and visit the beach. We loved each other so much and enjoyed quality time together as a family.

7. On 9/11, my dad was working construction and actively involved in search and rescue operations alongside first responders trying to save and later identify victims near the World Trade Center. He spent months working there and getting exposed to the dust, smoke, and debris every day and coming home filthy. He re-lived the horrors of 9/11 all the time. He would tell me and my sister stories about the time he found a severed hand holding a coffee cup. He described his experiences in extremely vivid detail even though we were just kids. He would watch news stories, documentaries, and movies about 9/11 on loop. He was always withdrawn and upset on the anniversary of 9/11 and seemed haunted by the memories of what he saw. 9/11 colored our childhood in a big way since our dad was never relaxed, carefree, or able to forget the death and destruction he saw on 9/11.

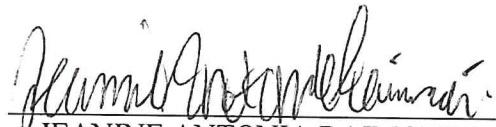
8. After 9/11, my dad got sick. He had trouble breathing and coughed all the time including late at night. He relied on a nebulizer and had to be hooked up to machines to help him breathe. He later developed heart problems and had a heart attack and had to have major surgery to put a stent in his heart. I could tell something was wrong with my dad because he looked so much older, slower, and sicker than all my friends' parents.

9. My dad's illness and death – including the traumatic experience of finding him dead – had a huge emotional impact on me. I was constantly afraid for my dad and worried daily about what I would do if he collapsed or needed to go to the hospital. I tried to take on as much responsibility as I could so that he didn't have to worry about me and could take it easy. I worried about him, how

we would provide for my family once he could no longer work, and what we would do without him. I remember the emotional rollercoaster – good days followed by bad days followed by hospitalization followed by his rapid decline and death. I will never forget the day he died because I was the one to find him and have the images burned in my mind. I remember he had gone to the store to buy supplies to make us dinner and was in the kitchen cooking. I remember I went down to talk to him since we had been upstairs cleaning and getting our house ready to sell. I noticed that all the lights were off in the kitchen which was strange. I remember turning on the lights and seeing him sitting at the kitchen table with his head tilted back. I remember he didn't answer when I called his name. I remember running up to my mom for help. I remember seeing his face gray and cold and his glasses rested on the table. I was there when we called 911 and watched the paramedics cut off his clothes and try to revive him but he was already gone. I will forever be haunted by the image of my loving, warm dad sitting there so cold and lifeless. I still struggle with anxiety and require therapy to this day. I have PTSD from the things that I saw and heard about as a child and constantly worrying about my dad. I had trouble in school because I was distracted and couldn't concentrate. I had trouble sticking with things and finding a job. I was diagnosed with type 1 diabetes and doctors told me they think it could be related to my trauma.

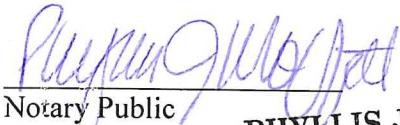
10. The financial impact from my dad's illness was profound. My dad had to retire early because he could no longer work due to his health problems. My parents couldn't pay for private school tuition, so I had to switch to public school. My parents couldn't afford the house that I grew up in, so we had to sell it. My mom tried to keep up with all my dad's expenses and medications and medical bills and even went back to work to try to help us. We still struggle to make ends meet and know that it would pain my dad that he couldn't fully provide for us.

11. In the end, I feel like a part of my dad died on 9/11 and we never got him back. I feel like I never had a full and relaxing childhood because I was so worried about taking care of my dad and what would happen to our family once he was gone. I live with my mom even now and am worried for her. I am sad for the time that I will never get back with him and all the things that he never got to see – my graduation, my job, and my life. I felt like I lost my dad, our house, and my health all at once and still struggle to process the devastating impact of 9/11 on my family.



JEANINE ANTONIA RAIMONDI

Sworn to before me this
18th day of July, 2022



Notary Public
PHYLLIS J. MOFFETT
NOTARY PUBLIC
My Commission Expires June 30, 2025

Patricia Reilly

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X

In Re:

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

-----X
SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
PATRICIA REILLY**

Plaintiffs,

v.

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X

STATE OF FLORIDA)
 :
COUNTY OF BROWARD)

PATRICIA REILLY, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am the plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 2379 Caravelle Circle, Kissimmee, Florida 34746.
2. I am currently 75 years old, having been born on March 7, 1947.
3. I am the wife of Robert J. Reilly, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.
4. My husband passed away from lung cancer on May 18, 2011. It has been determined by the World Trade Center Health Program that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.
5. Robert and I had a great relationship and did everything together. We enjoyed going out socially, to dances, and shopping. We also enjoyed taking trips together, like cruising and weekend trips to Atlantic City. The most meaningful we did together was attend church. Each time the gospel

would begin, Robert would reach for my hand. It meant the world to me. We also visited our kids daily. Neither of us did anything alone, and we enjoyed every moment together.

6. Robert worked in maintenance at a building in lower Manhattan, not far from the World Trade Center. He was responsible for general maintenance around the building and for keeping it clean, especially water tanks, air conditioners, and other mechanical items. He spent two weeks working at this building in the immediate aftermath of the 9/11 attacks. His building was completely covered in a 1 to 2-inch layer of dust resulting from the collapsed towers. Robert had to call in an outside cleaning company to assist with the cleanup of his building because of the amount of dust. He was there working for about a year after the attacks before he started getting ill.

7. Robert began going to a World Trade Center Health Program after he began feeling sick. It was there they found nodules on his left lung. He eventually needed one-third of his lung removed due to these nodules. A third nodule could not be removed during surgery, and it was this nodule that would later metastasize and spread the cancer to his liver.

8. Robert was in constant pain and was prescribed Percocet, which provided temporary relief. Robert never really recovered once he started taking this pain medication. He was constantly ill. He went through chemotherapy to treat his cancer. As a result of these chemo treatments, Robert was constantly fatigued, lost his hair, often threw up, and experienced depression. His body eventually dwindled down to nothing, and his whole personality changed.

9. Robert also suffered from PTSD and survivor's guilt following the attacks. Of the busload of people he went to work with, he was the only one who survived the attacks. Until the day he passed away, he never understood why he was the one who survived.

10. My husband had been very active before the attacks. He would often work in the yard, go on walks, and play with our grandchildren. He liked to be busy. Once his health issues started, he

was unable to be as active and do the things that he enjoyed. He especially liked attending church, but even that became a struggle for him.

11. It is very difficult for me to think and talk about the pain I witnessed Robert suffer. He was given only six months to live by the doctors at the time of his cancer diagnosis, and he would pass away within those six months. He fought the good fight, but his health rapidly deteriorated. He became weaker by the day and was ultimately barely recognizable.

12. It is hard to pinpoint exactly what parts of life or our relationship I miss most since Robert's passing. I truly miss all of it – our relationship had been like a storybook romance. Robert had taught me to relax and that life could be fun. I miss that.

13. After he became sick, Robert started to live life as if every moment or experience was his last one. He became somber and withdrawn. I had lost my first husband to illness, so when Robert became sick, his experience reminded me of what I had already gone through. This put me in a constant state of worry.

14. Robert's illness had a severe financial impact on our family. At one point during his illness, I could not afford the medicines. Fortunately, a charitable organization helped me afford the medications at that time. These financial difficulties did not stop with his death. I lost the home I had lived in for 46 years because I could no longer afford to pay the mortgage due to the loss of most of Robert's income. That took a huge toll on me and forced me to move to Florida to live with my youngest son.

15. Our family had to dedicate a lot of time supporting Robert with his medical care and treatments. My oldest son would take time off from work to take my husband to and from

his chemotherapy treatments. Robert was barely able to walk into his appointment from the car, so my son would help support him whenever he needed to walk somewhere. My daughter also left her job to have more time to assist with his care.

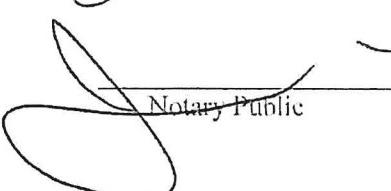
16. Robert's passing also had a severe emotional impact on other members of our family, especially our grandchildren. All six of the grandchildren adored Robert since he was the only grandfather they had the chance to know. They would come every Friday night and not leave until Sunday night, spending the weekend with us. We all did many things together, like baking cookies and visiting various places. All the grandchildren are saddened by his loss. This is especially true with our youngest grandson.

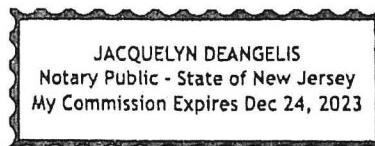
17. I really enjoyed life with Robert and spending time with him. I, along with the rest of our family, miss him dearly now that he is gone.



PATRICIA REILLY

Sworn to before me this
20 day of July, 2022


Notary Public



Antolino Rexach Jr.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al,

AFFIDAVIT OF
ANTOLINO REXACH, JR.

Plaintiffs,

v.

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X

STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF SUFFOLK)

ANTOLINO REXACH, JR., being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 2719 Chestnut Avenue, Ronkonkoma, New York 11779.
2. I am currently 36 years old, having been born on December 1, 1985.
3. I am the son of Antolino Rexach, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.
4. My father passed away from metastatic stomach cancer on September 27, 2014, at the age of 50. It has been medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.

5. I had a great relationship with my dad. We loved going to our time share in the Poconos and spending weekends there together. We enjoyed fishing. We went to baseball games because my dad was a big Mets fan. My dad was my superhero and my whole world. He worked so hard, loved so fiercely, and could do anything. He loved all his kids and his grandchildren and was so proud of us. He tried to stay strong for our family, but when he got sick, it was sobering and hurt so badly to see him suffering and change so much from the man who I knew and loved.

6. On 9/11, I could see Manhattan from the sixth floor of my high school. I could see the towers, the smoke, the destruction, the chaos. I knew my dad worked only a few blocks from there and was terrified for him. I had a cell phone but couldn't call him since phones weren't working. I was so frantic since I had no idea where he was and if he was dead or alive. I went home and nobody had answers. I didn't hear back from him until two or three days later which felt like a lifetime. I know that he stayed working around the clock because he was selfless and wanted to do whatever he could to help people who were injured and trapped under the rubble. I know that he was haunted by what he saw that day. I know that he lost many close friends. I know that he was down there working around the clock for weeks on end without a mask or gloves or any protective equipment.

7. After 9/11, my dad got sick. He had heart problems and was worried about having a heart attack. He went to the doctor so many times trying to find out what was wrong, but they never had any answers. He told me all about how much pain he was in and how he wished he knew what was going wrong with his body. In 2014, my dad told me something was wrong, and he went to the hospital. He had biopsies and tests done. He was scared. He told me only a few weeks later that he had been diagnosed with stage IV cancer. He started aggressive

chemotherapy which left him in so much pain – shaking, crying, feeling like razor blades were going through his whole body. I went with him to many of these appointments and watching him suffer was so difficult even though I tried to stay strong for my family and prepare us for the worst. I was so worried for him but didn't want to discourage him, so I had to hide my pain and fear. I tried to keep his spirits up by letting him talk to his grandson, who was three years old, and sharing the good news that he was going to have a granddaughter. It still pains me to know that he died only a few weeks before she was born and never got to meet her.

8. My dad's illness and death were emotionally devastating. I grew up idolizing my dad and wanting to spend as much time with him as possible. I always told people that my dad was the Batman to my Robin. We did everything together. We had the best times walking around our old neighborhood since my dad knew everybody and always made me feel safe and protected. When he got sick and died, it was like nothing felt safe anymore, and there was a huge hole in my life. He used to be so strong and tough but got so sick and was in so much pain from all his medical treatments. He was a loving family man, so it was so sad to know that he will never get to spend real time with his grandson or ever get to meet his granddaughter.

9. Losing my dad was financially tough too. I had to take weeks off work to go out and help take him to his chemotherapy appointments. I risked losing my job when I drove twenty hours straight from New York to Oklahoma to be with him because doctors said that he didn't have much time left. I only got a few hours with my dad before he died and would never have forgiven myself if I had missed out on seeing him one last time. I could no longer count on my dad's support or even his good advice.

10. It is almost unthinkable to lose a parent – my hero – in such a brutal and painful way and will never forget how it shook me to my core to watch such a great, loving man and father suffer

so much and decline so rapidly all because he wanted to help people after 9/11.



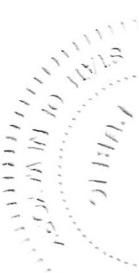
ANTOLINO REXACH, JR.

Sworn to before me this
22 day of July, 2022



John C Odochha
Notary Public

JOHN C OODOCHA
Notary Public - State of New York
NO. 010D6245833
Qualified in Bronx County
My Commission Expires Aug 8, 2023



Daniel Rexach

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al,

Plaintiffs,

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

STATE OF OKLAHOMA)
: SS.:
COUNTY OF ROGERS)

DANIEL REXACH, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 18525 Bushyhead Road, Chelsea, Oklahoma 74016.
2. I am currently 26 years old, having been born on June 9, 1996.
3. I am the son of Antolino Rexach, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.
4. My father passed away from metastatic stomach cancer on September 27, 2014, at the age of 50. It has been medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

**AFFIDAVIT OF
DANIEL REXACH**

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

5. I had a close relationship with my dad. We were both actively involved in our church and did the Royal Rangers together. We loved to watch movies and were big fans of Battlestar Galactica. We would stay up late watching TV, and once we finished the series, would start all over again. We loved laughing and spending time with each other. We would go camping as a family down at Blue Hole. We went out on my dad and grandfather's boat often and loved to help work on the boat together. My dad was always such a light in people's lives and was a bright spot in my life. My dad worked so hard for our family and, when he stayed behind in New York for a few years to work while we were in Oklahoma, he would fly out every weekend and make sure we knew how much he loved and missed us. We stayed very connected, and one of the hardest parts of losing him is feeling like our time together was cut short.

6. On 9/11, my dad was working as a corrections officer near the lower Manhattan Court. I was very young at the time but remember that we didn't hear from my dad for several days and were worried because we didn't know if he was alive or dead or injured.

7. After 9/11, in 2004, my dad started having severe stomach and chest pains and lost a lot of weight. He went to the doctors for years, but they could never find out what was wrong with him. In 2014, my dad had severe chest pain and had to be taken by ambulance to the hospital.

The doctors knew something was wrong, and a few weeks later, diagnosed him with stage IV cancer. We were in total disbelief after years and years of him suffering and being in pain to finally have such a bad and fatal diagnosis. My parents tried to shield me from my dad's cancer diagnosis until they had a plan for treatment, but I knew something was wrong. He started aggressive chemotherapy with methadone which had major side effects – memory loss, mood swings, and hallucinations. My dad got paranoid about little things and would get so worked up

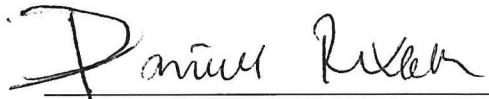
and offended about things that never happened. I remember one time my uncle was visiting, and my dad was screaming because he thought someone said something offensive, but no one said anything at all. He went from confused to aggressive and couldn't understand basic things anymore. He underwent radiation and things only got worse. He declined so quickly and then he was gone.

8. My dad's illness and death when I was at such a young age had a big emotional impact on me. He suffered most of my life with severe stomach pain, chest pain, and weight loss and was constantly going to doctors for answers. He was diagnosed with stage IV cancer at the end of my junior year of high school. He had to go through severe chemotherapy and radiation, which turned him into a different person. I remember watching him losing his memory, hallucinate, and get so angry and aggressive because he couldn't understand what was going on. I remember how I had been accepted to a prestigious national leadership conference as a delegate from Oklahoma – which should have been the time of my life – but I almost didn't go because I was so worried that he was going to get worse and die while I was gone. I remember we were no longer able to enjoy quality time together – camping and watching movies – like we used to which broke my heart.

9. Losing my dad was hard on my family financially too. My mom was working really hard around the clock to provide for us and help pay for my dad's insurance and medical bills. My dad wasn't working anymore and couldn't once his health declined.

10. I am so sad for how much my family's life changed because of 9/11. My heart goes out to the victims and families of the terrorist attacks who have had to watch a loved one suffer and die. I never thought that my father, my hero, would be gone so soon and be in so much pain. I

know that I will never get back time with him and that he will never get to see me become the man that I am because of his hard work and good example.



DANIEL REXACH

Sworn to before me this
13th day of July, 2022

Kari Littleton
Notary Public



Justin F. Rexach

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al,

Plaintiffs,

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

STATE OF OKLAHOMA)
: SS.:
COUNTY OF ROGERS)

**AFFIDAVIT OF
JUSTIN F. REXACH**

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

JUSTIN F. REXACH, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 18525 Bushyhead Road, Chelsea, Oklahoma 74016.
2. I am currently 23 years old, having been born on June 6, 1999.
3. I am the son of Antolino Rexach, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of my solatium claim.
4. My father passed away from metastatic stomach cancer on September 27, 2014, at the age of 50. It has been medically determined that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.
5. I was 15 years old at the time of my father's death.
6. I loved my dad and loved spending quality time with him fishing and working on my

grandpa's old car. I always looked up to my dad and admired how hard he worked to provide for our family. I loved talking to my dad about life and about things we had in common. I stayed in touch with my dad so often when he was working in New York, and we were living in Oklahoma and spent as much time as possible with him when he would come visit on the weekends.

7. On 9/11, my dad was working as a corrections officer at the lower Manhattan Court. I remember my mom telling us how scared she was because she didn't hear from him for days and wasn't sure if he was ever coming home. A few years after 9/11, my dad got very sick. He had severe stomach and chest pain. He went to the hospital a lot. He suffered so much without any answers for what was going on. In 2014, my dad was diagnosed with stage IV cancer. My parents sat us down and told us that he was really sick and weren't sure if he was going to make it. My dad tried to be strong, but I could tell that he was afraid. He had aggressive medical treatment to try to stop the cancer but instead he rapidly declined and died within months.

8. Losing my dad took a huge emotional toll on me. He wasn't around to help me in school. He wasn't there to support me in my activities. He never got to see me graduate from high school. He missed so many big milestones in my life. He finally moved to Oklahoma to join our family, but we didn't have enough time with him before he got sick and died. It is still hard to believe he is gone even today and hurts a lot to know the things we will never get to do together.

9. My dad's death was financially devastating too. It was hard to watch my mom working around the clock trying to pay for everything. I got a job at a fast-food place to try to help my family but had to quit because my mom couldn't drive me to work. I was worried how my family was going to make ends meet.

10. My dad was my best friend and watching him suffer and die when I was still so young has left a giant hole in my life that will never be filled. He was such a family man, and it would

break his heart to know all that he was missing out on and the lost time that we will never get back as a family.



JUSTIN F. REXACH

Sworn to before me this
12th day of July, 2022


KARI LITTLETON
Notary Public

